

Arena, The Visitor

Did it really make a difference?
Was there strength enough to set me free?
Am I even sure I'm living now?
Or is this some kind of dream?
Is it really that important?
Did I really need to find this way?
Have I never looked inside before?
Have I always been afraid?

The vampire waits on the corner of the street
Past the clown and the words of the preacher
Try to run, but you'll never beat the thief
Are these the faces of The Visitor?

It was there in a desperate breath
It was born from a moment of death
It was held in the weakest of faith
But it seemed to last forever

It was over in a moment of sight
It was gone in a flash of a light
It was lost in the heart of the night
But it seemed to last forever

You're never alone
Take it from me
You're never alone
Just take it from me
Take it from me

Did it really make a difference?
Am I really what I seem to be?
Did I ever truly breathe again?
Or is this some kind of dream?